Things and Places Seen by the Way, and the Great Place Seen at the End of the Journey, From Our Own Corvesp

CHICAGO, Nov. 29. -It was Secretary Boutwell, I believe, who suggested that Andy Johnson, that irrepressible culprit, be got rid of by being rammed into a loaded mortar and shot upwards from the easth, that was tired of him, through a vacant hole in the sky to some undiscovered land beyond. The sensation of going to sleep in Philadelphia and waking up at or near Pittsburg reminds me of Boutwell's illustration. But, after all, the Governor was a plagiarist. I remember reading an article in one of the earlier numbers of Harper's Magazine, entitled "Adventures in Skitland," in which this was the final punishment of a poor fellow who suddenly tumbled into Skitland through a hole he had been digging in his garden. After many curious and interesting adventures, he was condemned for some transgression against the laws of Skitland to be transported back to the earth from whence he came, and was accordingly rammed into a mortar and shot through the identical hole he had made in his own garden, and through which the light had penetrated to Skitland, much to his own satisfaction and relief, and this reader, also, no doubt, who are tired of the long preface. To enter one of the handsome silver palace ears of the Central Transportation Company at West Philadelphia, and there lay in the arms of Morpheus (or anybody else), totally nnconscious of the surrounding world until the hoarse voice of the guard yells out "Pittsburg," far surpasses in wonder any of the fabled tales of the Arabian Nights. What, indeed, are the wonders of Aladdin's lamp compared to the light of modern material science as illustrated by the steam engine? As newspaper men do not often have an opportunity to go so far away from work as Chicago, I placed myself under the guidance of a friend who was going on the same journey, and who gave me the assurance of being "an old traveller" who knew all the ropes, and more too! as he very knowingly and

suggestively remarked. The Sleeping-Car. By his advice I took an upper berth in a sleeping-car. Now upper berths have certain natural advantages not to be disputed, although I remarked that the "old traveller" selected for himself the lower one beneath me. In case of any defect in the tacklingtackling is a marine word, not, however, so very inappropriate in this connection as the reader may imagine, as the noise made by the locomotive as it drags the wheels around through the air is not unlike the throbbing of a steamer's paddle-wheel through the sea. But as I have already said, in case the tackling should give way and the upper berth suddenly collapse, the occupant has the advantage, being on top, while the old traveller in the lower one stands an A No. 1 chance of waking up dead, as Handy Andy would say. But upper berths have also disadvantages, among which are the nice little currents of cool air coming up on one's back through the window openings, whilst your face is being peppered with the fine dust from the locomotive through the ventilators overhead. But these are small matters, which the old exist in the new palace cars. It requires some practice to accomplish sleep while the cars are in motion. I did not get much of it on my journey to Pittsburg, but before I reached Chicago I became so used to it that when I went to my hotel I felt like the boy who had just returned from a runaway sea voyage and couldn't sleep until his sister went outside the house and threw water up against his window panes, to remind him of the "bloody waves dashing up against the bloody windows, you know." Leaving West Philadelphia at 8 P. M., the sleeper passes through Altoona in the early morning, and elimbs the Alleghenies unconscious of the wonders and beauties of the surrounding scenery; but as he descends the mountains from Gallatzin to the head waters of the Conemangh, the sun commences to kiss the hills, and as its rays glance down the mountain side, the forest trees covered with frosted snow glisten and sparkle in the sunbeams like the precious gems of the fabled Valley of Golconda. But I did not sleep. I hoisted the latticed window, and looked out into the night. I saw great fires lighting up the mountain side, and the coke-burners, weird toilers of the night, like so many fiends feeding fuel to the blazing furnaces. I saw great jets of flame shoot out into the sombre night from tali chimneys of great iron furnaces, and ever and anon a furnace door would open, and the blazing, blinding, roaring light revealed the figure of some brawny son of Vulcan stirring up the molten metal within. Away out of sight in an instant, into the sombre grey of the early dawn. The fields, covered with a thin coating of snow and frost, look for all the world like the grass in stereoscopic pictures. Nature is commencing to put on its winter coat. As the Western trains whiz by, the snow-coated coals look like lumps of lime. About this time the tardy sleepers commence to turn out and make their toilet preparatory to breakfast. To make one's toilet in a sleeping car is, under some circumstances, an ungraceful and unenviable task. The unexpected manner in which the car suddenly twists round a short enrye generally interferes with the mathematical correctness of parting one's hair, or in keeping a toothbrush in one's mouth. The circumlocutory motion is so sudden that one finds himself rubbing the skin off his nose before he is aware of the fact that the toothbrush is out of his mouth. The old traveller told me he had known ladies to be thrown right into his arms, and more too! by a sudden lurch of the car; but no such luck happened to me. I was pitched into the arms of a Western giant, bearded like a pard, who unceremoniously executed a nice carom by boosting me up against the other end of

the ear. But these little annoyances, like all

small harolet called Derry, forty-six miles | from Pittsburg, where, for the small sum of fifteen cents, one can gorge himself with whatever he can reach for five minutes. "Ten or coffee, sir?" cries the maiden of

fifty summers.

"Coffee, Miss, if you please." Oh! shades of Kingsley and the Continental cafe! Did I say coffee? Ah, yes! Nothing but the aching void within reconciled me to the base falsehood of the old traveller who told me we could get a nice cup of coffee at Derry. Farewell, Derry! farewell!-may I never look upon your like again. The passengers who did not get out seemed (I fancied) to give us a quizzical look as we sheepishly returned to our seats. But the muddy coffee and slippery-elm ham of Derry are also forgotten as the train shoots into the splendid Union Depot at Pittsburg.

A Few Words About Pittsburg. This, the second city of Pennsylvania, does not increase as rapidly in area and population as other cities west of it, but its progress is substantial, as its hissing furnaces, belching chimneys, and brawny, grimy toilers indicate. Environed on every side by lofty hills, and divided by the waters of the Monongahela, the Allegheny, and the Ohio rivers, it cannot expand like the cities of the plains beyond, but necessity is already climbing its bills, and their terraced sides are giving the most substantial evidence of the material progress of the Iron City. It supports one good legitimate temple of the drama-the Opera House-which, by-the-way, is under the management of a young Philadelphian, whom many of your readers will remember as a young lawyer of great promise before the war-Matthew W. Canning. He has made an active, enterprising, and successful manager, and among his announcements for the winter season are Edwin Forrest, John Brougham, Edwin Booth, Barney Williams, Maggie Mitchell, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mr. Chanfrau, and the Richings opera troupe. The railroads entering and diverging from Pittsburg extend in every direction. Besides the Pennsylvania Central there are the Allegheny Valley to the oil regions; the Western Pennsylvania to Blairsville, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Pittsburg and Erie; the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago; the Cleveland and Pittsburg; the Pittsburg and Steubenville and Cincinnati; the Chartiers Valley, and the Pittsburg and Connellsville, which will soon give Pittsburg railroad connection with Baltimore.

Western Officials. One cannot help observing here the difference between officials in the West and those east of the Hudson. Here every stranger is treated with courtesy, even if the favor he seeks cannot be granted. Your correspondent feels indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Mullins, of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, and Mr. James Stephenson, Assistant Superintendent Central Tansportation Company, at Pittsburg. Whilst speaking of the latter, I may as well give your readers some idea of the cars of this company and their expense. The elegant silver palace cars used to convey travellers from New York to Chicago via Philadelphia, over the Pennsylvania and Fort Wayne roads, do not belong to either of these corporations, but to the traveller didn't find annoying to him in his | Central Transportation Company, who pay lower berth, and which, by the way, do not for the privilege of running them over the road. The cars are about 58 feet in length, and contain only 24 bertl.s. They are fitted up and furnished in the most luxurious manner, at a cost of over \$12,000 each. It costs about \$1000 per year to keep them in repair. and the ordinary lifetime of such a car is not over eight years. It takes six days to make a round trip. So the reader will perceive that five dollars from New York to Chicago is a moderate compensation for the outlay. The company are building two cars now which, it is said, will surpass anything ever seen either in this country or abroad, the cost

of each being about \$40,000. Pittsburg to Chicago. The ride from the city of smoke to the city of the plain is somewhat different to the tourist than that from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, though it is all one to the sleeper in the palace car. Leaving Pittsburg at 2.15 P. M. (Columbus time, which means 2.27 P. M. Pittsburg time), one takes supper at Altoona, Ohio, 84 miles distant, and a good square meal for 75 cents, with twenty minutes to masticate your food; and at Plymouth, Indiana, 384 miles, for breakfast at the same price, with same time to eat in. The old traveller gave me a hint not to be alarmed at the pretended starting shricks of the locomotive, but to keep one eye on the conductor. Between keeping one eye on the conductor and the other on the surrounding grub I came very near getting cross-eyed, losing a square meal and more too! But I've got used to it now and more too! Entering Chicago by rail, one is struck first with the broad expanse of brairie as level as a billiard table and extending as far as the eye can see down toward St. Louis, and next the immense quantities of lumber piled up in the yards lining the banks of the Chicago river, and the route through which the railroad enters the city. The same crowd of vociferous hackmen one meets in New York and Philadelphia also greets your arrival here. I suggest a hackmen's chorus for Offenbach's next opera, and charge him nothing, for the idea. Following the old traveller I avoided the backs by going out a side door and took a six-cent ride in a horse car into the heart of

Chleage. Oh, wonderful city of the plain! Is it a big thing? Yes, it is a big thing and more too! Every street is as wide as Broadway and laid with Nicolson pavement. Wooden carriage-ways I like, but I do not fancy wooden sidewalks. But Chicago is rapidly transforming itself from wood into stone. Flag pavements are laid now in the business part of the city, and immense stone blocks of buildings are going up in every direction. One who has not visited Chicago cannot help wondering at its rapid progress in population, commerce, and wealth-its sudden jump, in a other mundane affairs, have an end, and are little more than a decade, from a few thou-

n aterial and social advancement. But when one arrives here he ceases to wonder. The men he meets are the livest, most progressive minds of New England, New York, and the East. There are no drones in this community. Everybody is scratching round on the make. No time here to loaf in bar-rooms, and so one sees fewer saloons than in the East. It is root hog or die, and more too! out here.

I took a good look at Crosby's Opera House, because I felt a ten-dollar interest in it. Beneath it is one of the handsomest, largest, and best arranged music stores in the Union-Root & Cady's. Some idea of the business of Chicago in other branches of trade may be gathered from that of this one firm alone. Their catalogue embraces a volume of over 500 pages, and their vaults contain over 40,000 engraved plates of their own publications, which cost over \$100,000. George F. Root, the celebrated composer of the popular war ballads "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Rally Round the Flag," "Just Before the Battle," etc., is the sen.or member of the firm, and of course his popular compositions contributed much towards building up the house. Frederick W. Root, the active man of the concern, is also an accomplished musician.

The Chicago Press. In no better way can the material or social advance of a community be judged than by its newspaper press. Here I find the Western Railroad Gazette (corresponding to the U. S. Radroad and Mining Gazette, of Philadelphia), established only a dozen years ago, now proposing to branch out from a sheet of 28 by 44 inches, filled with interesting railroad intelligence, into two sheets of 30 by 42 inches each, in the form of the Scientific American, containing thirty-two pages. This requires not only capital but courage, but A. N. Kellogg, Esq., its proprietor, is a type of the progressive Western American who can find no such word as "fail" in his lexicon, and its editor, Mr. Dunning, a graduate of the University of Michigan, is a bright-eyed, quick-witted, able writer. The Western Railroad Gazette is one of best papers of its kind in country, and if it is not on your exchange list put it there. The leading daily papers here are the Tribune, Republican, and Times (Democrat), and the Eccning Post and Journal, The Tribune is the leading journal of the Northwest, both in point of literary ability and financial success. Mr. Horace White, the managing editor, is a genial, pleasant-looking gentleman, who wields a pen as keen as a Damascus blade. The Journal is the ablest afternoon paper in Chicago; but the Post is a live, progressive, enterprising paper like THE EVENING TELEGRAPH. It is edited with decided ability, and distances competition in the field of journalism. Mr. D. Blakely is the managing editor, and Mr. H. R. Hobart city editor, and the columns of the Post are the best evidence of the ability with | pitch-plaster, seasoned with slush and water, which they fill their respective positions.

NEW-YORKISMS.

QUILP.

From Our Own Correspondent. The Married Moribund. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Albert D. Riebardson was married to Mrs. McFarland, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher performing the ceremony Mr. Beecher is a man of original ideas. His enemies are fond of saying that he is industrious in keeping himself before the people, and to do this he must sometimes do eccentric things. What would be condemned in other men is smiled at in him. He is a Beecher. can afford, as no other divine can, to be funny in the pulpit, and he writes novels that are well paid for, for moral weeklies. Perhaps it was natural that he should have been asked to make Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland man and wife. Some elergymen might have demurred; some might have remarked that a divorce obtained in Indiana was not binding in the State of New York. But Mr. Beecher threw this consideration to the winds. What a glorious martyr he would make if this indifference to public opinion were maintained, though coupled with the loss of public esteem, notoriety, reputation, social position, or some other comfortable little consideration of that kind! In this connection it only seems right to add that a good deal of misplaced sympathy has been evoked. The Tribune, in its overweening anxiety to screen one of its favorite employes, has given its own version of the affair, to the exclusion of any other, and has sought not only to paint the unfortunate Mr. Richardson as an innocent man, but to uphold him as a martyr. The conduct of McFarland cannot be termed otherwise than cowardly and murderous. It was not an act of hasty impulse, but of long and secretly-nurtured revenge; and how much the act and the spirit that led to it were the results of a diseased brain and organism is a matter for future consideration. The mere fact that the unfortunate Mr. Richardson became his victim affords him no claims to be anotheosized. In no case can be be regarded as an innocent man. The degree of his culpability may be a matter of question, but the fact of it never. Nor amidst all the sickly and ill-judged sympathy are there wanting those who give their fullest support to Mr. McFarland, and claim that he only did what almost any man would have done under similar eircumstances. It is not a pleasing or grateful task to appear to speak uncharitably of one who, like Mr. Richardson, mingled so much that was admirable with his faults, or who explated those follows in so dreadful a manner, but the fond injustice of his friends provokes a dispassionate view of the

Lord and Lady Ainsley have given their first dinner since their marriage. Both bride and bridegroom appear satisfled. More, society has not snubbed them, and since they have not fallen under its incontrovertible ban, it is presumable that its reasons are indeed excellent. I admire successful cheek -I reverence the idea of power which it presents to me. The man who hath check laughs at impossibilities. It is more than money to him; it is credit. It gives him much that genius, talent, pains, labor, time, influence often do not give to other people. He dresses on it, dines off it, and rises through it. Give the fairy's choice between being born of poor and humble but respectable parents, and being born disreputable, but with cheek, and I would unhesitatingly choose the latter. Worth rises slow, whether depressed by poverty or impelled by riches; but cheek quite for otten when the train arrives at a sand souls to 300,000, with a corresponding mounts like an everlasting sky-rocket with no

return-stick. Hence I admire the sentiment which Lord Ainsley, at his recent dinner, announced as his motto through life:-"Why should I care for Mrs. Grundy?" Noble sentiment! Go on, young man, in that bright course. Wear as many pearl-colored pants as the tallor will trust thee with; give as many dinners, with gold-frilled bills of fare, as seemeth good in thy sight; shine the cynosure of orchestra-stall and box at the theatre. Cheek does for thee what "bounce" did for "Major de Boots;" and may every titleless foreigner, wandering through Fifth avenue drawing-rooms, go and do likewise.

Romance of a Soap-Int Man. Few of us have correct ideas as to the number of men and women, in the humbler walks of life, who go around with tender romances hidden in their breasts, an interesting skeleton in their secret closet. One of these characters was Richard Hayes, who has just died at No. 421 Greenwich street. For some time he had been alling, but he bore his sorrows in silence, except during those moments when his well-known ery, "Got any soap-fat?" woke the slumbering echoes of the area. At these times, Molly the housemaid detected a smothered plaintiveness in his voice, as though he dimly perceived, not very far off, the end of a sad and saponaceous existence. It came at last. Yesterday he was found alone in his own room, a miserable den on Greenwich street, dead. Money and property to the amount of ten thousand dollars were also found, the net produce of soap. His death was hastened by an undue application to his profession. He died soap-suddenly. Some time before his death (so the story goes) he excited great indignation at the Fat Men's Club by presenting his name for membership. When reminded that his weight was not up to the necessary standard, he was dumbfounded, having apparently proceeded upon the assumption that a soap-fat man was as eligible as any other.

Our Beethoven Concert. The Central Park Commissioners have consented to erect a building for the monster concert that is to be given on the occasion of the centennial birthday of Louis von Beethoven, the celebrated German composer. The cost of buildings and incidentals has been estimated at four hundred thousand dollars, but will probably amount to much more. By the middle of this month about ten thousand choral singers will have been engaged, and by the first of next, eleven hundred orchestral performers will be ready for rehearsal. Mr. G. F. Bristow has composed a national overture and a number of national airs for orchestra and chorus. Mendelssohn's military overture has also been selected. An organ is shortly to be procured, and Madame Parepa and Ole Bull have volunteered their services. Of course the German singing societies generally have been "rung" in. The hall contemplated will be erected on Fifth avenue, near Seventy-fifth street, where the deer park is at present.

Fifth Avenue. Along Fifth avenue jobbery has won its most conspicuous triumphs. It smells of tar and looks like black mush cut into countless ruts. A walk or a ride along it is simply disgusting. The exquisite equipages which travel through it are splashed with sprawling spots of mud. And the evil is being increased rather than remedied. Every day fresh layers of pitch and dirt are found and shovelled over it. It is one vast and utterly Impassable to one who would preserve the rectitude of his boots. As a specimen of the contractors' handlwork, it is a chef d'œuvre never before equalled. ALI BABA.

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